

The Muse.

MY MOTHER.

BY M. S. SPENCER.

Oh, where is the mother that watched over my childhood,
 Near the bright stream and the green spreading wild-
 Where with smiles and caresses she nursed each emotion,
 And calmed every wave of life's troubled ocean.
 When the bright stars of night their vigils were keeping,
 And others were lost in forgetful slumber,
 She was the watchful one who kept the watch of the dell,
 Were the whisper of angels so soft from above.
 I see the low cottage, and the flowers by the fountain,
 The berries and wild rose that grew on the mountain,
 And the spot where I wandered in the shade of the dell,
 But where is my mother? Oh, say—can you tell?
 And I remember when I ran in the race,
 To catch the gay butterfly swift on the chase,
 Or set myself down by the clear running stream,
 To laugh at the glances of its silvery beam.
 But, poor and lowly, as you're a young man's home,
 I have left them in spring-time blossoms all alone,
 But where is my mother?—my mother, oh where?
 She has gone to her home of peace and rest,
 Where the ransomed shall meet in the land of the blest;
 She wears a bright crown of glory above,
 And drinks from the fountains of light and love.
 She has put on her garments of immortality,
 And she walks over the streets of Jerusalem bright;
 She has met all the saints and the prophets of old,
 With the song of redemption and the harp of praise.
 Farewell, my dear mother! thou art gone to thy rest,
 To peace, peace to thy ashes, sleep on with the blest;
 As I mingled my tears with the dew-drops that fell,
 In the breath of the wind, with the grass over thy grave.
 And the voice of its music shall call me at even,
 Sweet as the lute of the seraphim echoes in heaven;
 And when I have loved thee, affection shall tell,
 As I mingled my tears with the dew-drops that fell.
 Thy virtues still live, thy meekness of mind
 Shall be cherished forever, in memory's shrine;
 Farewell, my dear mother! thou art gone to thy rest,
 Peace, peace to thy ashes—sleep on with the blest.

The Story-Clerk.

THE YOUNG STUDENT.

Difficulties that Beset the Path of Genius.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

One of those water carriers who attend the

houses of the poorest and most popular quarters

of Paris, was going along the streets one morning

in November, 1794. He was a young man,

whose ruddy complexion and firm open countenance

indicated both health and good humor. He

sometimes had down his cheeks, that he might

rub his benumbed fingers, for the weather was

intensely cold; and as often as he did so, he took

the opportunity of crying out in a voice that did

credit to his lungs, "A l'eau! a l'eau!"

On reaching an old-looking house in the Rue

Houtefeuille, he entered the court, and called out

to the woman at the lodge, "Do you want water,

mistress?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative,

he took in his buckets, when the postman

entering, threw down a letter on the table,

saying, "Post paid," and continued on his way.

If you are going up stairs now, Chassagne,

perhaps you would take up this letter! It is for

the young student in the next room to yours.

"Is he above, now?" said Chassagne, taking

the letter.

"He has not been down stairs these three

days," said the portress; "and I have reason

to fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either

yesterday or to-day. If he were not so proud, I

would have carried him up a little bread and milk;

but I am afraid of offending him."

"We must take him something, Madame Gib-

ard; we must indeed," said the waterman, quick

affected by what he had heard.

"Yes, to have him say as he did last week,

"who desired you to bring that to me, madame?"

I am very much obliged to you, but I do not re-

quire it," and as he said this, Monsieur Chas-

sagne, the tears came into his fine blue eyes.

"Well," said the waterman, holding up the

letter, "I think there is something here that will

comfort him; post paid letters always contain

milk, I know that," and then whilst a little

merry air, he proceeded up the stairs till he reached

the student's room at the top of the house,

when, rapping at the door, a low and melancholy

voice desired him to come in.

On entering, Chassagne beheld with compas-

sion the scene that presented itself to his view;

it was one of complete misery and desolation.

On a low truckle-bed, barely covered with a thin

mattress, a pale, delicate-looking youth sat writ-

ing; and from the corner of well-filled sheets

which lay scattered on the wretched coverlet, it

was evident he had been writing for some time.

His books were on a small table at his bedside,

and on an old straw chair (the only one in the

room) his clothes were carefully folded.

"What do you want?" inquired the youth,

over whose fine countenance a faint blush was

diffused.

"The portress begged me to bring you this

letter," said the waterman, as he handed it over

to the young student.

"From Pierre Buffere!" exclaimed the latter,

eagerly breaking the seal; but no sooner had he

glanced over the contents than he turned pale, his

eyes closed, and he sunk back on his pillow.

about two minutes, he returned with a bottle of
 wine and two glasses, he found his companion in
 the same state of stupor and dumb despair.
 Without making any remark, Chassagne quietly
 divided the bread and cheese in equal parts, and
 placing one-half before the student, he helped
 himself to the other; then filling out two glasses
 of wine, he said, "Your good health, neighbor."
 But suddenly the good-humored countenance
 of Chassagne became clouded; he put down his
 glass, and said with some emotion, "You will
 not drink with me, because I am a poor water-
 man, and you are a gentleman!"
 This remark seemed to recall the student to
 himself. "Forgive me," said he, "forgive me,"
 and seizing the glass, he was about to raise it to
 his lips, when a flood of tears compelled him to place
 it back upon the table. "Oh," said he, "you can
 have no idea of what I am suffering! And you, a
 perfect stranger to me, to be so kind, while a
 near relation of my own—one who is wealthy,
 and has known me from my birth, would leave
 me to perish with hunger! I wrote to him a full
 account of my situation, and told him that, in con-

sequence of the breaking up of all the public es-

tablishments, I had been obliged to leave the col-

lege of La Marche, but that I continued to pur-

sue my studies with equal assiduity. I told him

that I had no means, that I was without money,

without clothes; I begged him to advance me a

few louis to pay for my lodgings, to buy books,

to buy even food; well," continued the unhappy

youth, taking the letter, and paper (which was a

post office order), "he sends me one louis, and a

pair of shoes, and he thinks he has purchased

the right of remonstrating, advising, and reproch-

ing me. He reproaches me with having left the

country to come and starve in Paris, and to be a

burthen to my family."

"You ought to return that louis to your hard-

hearted relative," said Chassagne, wiping away

a tear with the cuff of his coat.

The student warmly pressed the hand of his

companion. "You are right," said he, "you

have a heart, and that is comfort and relief to

me. I will share your breakfast, my friend,

and after that, I will send back to the relation

whom I had depended, both his money and his

letter, even though I should die of hunger."

"Oh, as to that, Monsieur Chassagne, as long

as Chassagne can carry a pair of buckets, he will

never allow a neighbor to die of hunger. I, who

was left a poor destitute orphan, have never been

allowed to want—and should I suffer a fellow

creature to die of hunger beside me! No, no; it is

my turn to help you to-day, it may be yours to

help me or some one else to-morrow."

"Noble, generous sentiments!" exclaimed the

student, who had risen, and was dressing himself

when Chassagne was speaking, and had with

difficulty swallowed a few morsels of bread, and

taken a few sips of wine. Chassagne, he

continued, "I accept your kindness for I shall

not always be a poor, wretched, medical student.

I have abilities, and if I live, I will endeavor to

acquire a name and a reputation, and then I will

repay you a hundredfold for all your kindness to

me. Oh, I am ambitious, Chassagne; and I hope

one day to be head surgeon of the hospital."

"I am ambitious too, Monsieur Guillaume, but

my ambition is not like yours; my ambition is to

have a water-cask of my own, painted red, with

blue hoops. Oh, what a happy day that will be

when I can draw my own water-cask!"

In spite of his grief, the young student could

not help smiling at the ambition of the waterman.

"Would a water-cask be very expensive?"

Guillaume inquired, as he sealed up the letter and

opened the door.

"Where is Monsieur Buffere?"

"He is gone," said Chassagne laughing.

"What! without asking me for my rent?"

"Oh, I have settled that; he will wait."

"And what did I say to satisfy him?"

"Why, I said—I said—that you would pay

him when you were head surgeon of the hos-

pital."

The student at first thought that his neighbor

was inclined to ridicule him; but the counte-

nance of the waterman remained so calm, and so

simple, and his manner so kind, that banishing

the thought, Guillaume took up his books, say-

ing with a smile, "well, I must begin to work

my way to it."

"And I," said Chassagne, leaving the room,

"must go and earn my water-cask."

Guillaume wished to set about his studies; but

after all the agitation of the morning, he found

it impossible to collect his ideas. His heart was

tormented by conflicting emotions, now burning

at the thought of his rich, but cruel relative, who

refused to assist him; then thrilling with grati-

tude at his humble neighbor, who had so kindly

come to visit and to share his breakfast with

him, and who, if I must be indebted to any one

to save me from starvation, would endeavor that it

should be done in a way worthy of his name."

This idea prompted him to undertake what was

at first a simple task, but which soon became a

task of no small importance.

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Sabbath Reading.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,

No weary waiting of the frame away,

No fearful shivering from the midnight air,

No dream of summer's bright and fevered ray!

No hidden grief,

No wild and reckless vision of despair,

No vain petition for a swift relief,

No tearful eye, no broken heart, are there.

Care has no home

Within that realm of endless praise and song;

Its towering billows break not on the shore,

Far from the mansion of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing

Is never spread above the celestial sky,

Its walling thunder with the voice of Spring,

As some to tender flowers buds, and dies.

No night distill

Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;

No more is there—the light which fills

The land of glory from its Maker came.

No parted friends

O'er mournful recollections have to weep,

No lead of death enduring love attracts,

To watch the coming of a peaceful sleep!

No withered flower

Or blasted, those celestial gardens know!

No scorching blast, or fierce, descending shower

Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle-word

Startles the sacred hosts who stand in dread!

The song of Peace, Creation's morning heard,

Is sung wherever angel-footsteps tread!

Let us depart,

If home like this await the weary soul!

Look up, then, stricken one! thy wounded heart

Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With Faith, our guide,

White-robed and innocent to tread the way,

We fly to plunge in Jordan's red-hot fire,

And find the haven of Eternal Day!

Power of a Good Man's Life.

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most

eloquent and effective persuasion to religion

which one human being can address to another.

We have many ways of doing good to our fel-

low-creatures; but none so efficacious as leading

a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There

is an energy of moral action in a good man's

life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's

pen. The seen and silent beauty of holiness

speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the

tongues of men and angels. Let parents remem-

ber this. The best inheritance a parent can be-

queath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy

of hallowed remembrances and associations. The

beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a

loved relative or friend, is more effectual to

strengthen such as do stand in virtue's way, and

raise up those that are bowed down in despair,

command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity

itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of

its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of

Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of

that holiness which is enshrined in the brief

biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done

more, and will do more to regenerate the world,

and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than

all the other agencies put together. It has done

more to spread his religion in the world than all

that has ever been preached or written on the

evidences of Christianity.

[Chalmers.]

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT. The late eminent

Judge, Sir Allan Parker, once said at a public

meeting in London: "We live in the midst of

blessings till we are utterly insensible of their

greatness and of the source from which they flow.

We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom,